

Bateman that hang'd him self 1691. 37
 * A Godly WARNING to all MAIDENS.

By the Example of God's Judgments shewed on *Jerman's* Wife of *Clifton*, in the County of *Nottingham*, who lying in Child-bed, was born away, and was never heard of after.

To the Tune of, *The Lady's Fall*.



YOU dainty Dames so finely fram'd
 of Beauty's chiefest Mould,
 And you that trip it up and down,
 Like Lambs in Cupid's Fold,
 Here is a Lesson to be learn'd,
 a Lesson in my Mind.
 Not far from *Nottingham* of late,
 in *Clifton*, as I hear,
 There dwelt a fair and comely Dame,
 for Beauty without Peer.
 Her Cheeks were like the Crimson Rose,
 yet as you may perceive,
 The fairest Face, the falsest Heart,
 and soonest will deceive.
 This gallant Dame she was lov'd,
 by many in that Place,
 And many sought in Marriage-bed,
 her Body to embrace.

At last a proper handsome Youth,
 young *Bateman* call'd by Name,
 In hopes to make a married Wife,
 unto this Maiden came.
 Such Love and Liking there was found,
 that he from all the rest,
 Had stolen away the Maiden's Heart,
 and she did love him best.
 Then plighted Promise secretly,
 did pass between them two,
 That nothing could but Death it self,
 this true Love's Knot undo.
 He broke a Piece of Gold in twain,
 one half to her he gave,
 The other as a Pledge, quoth he,
 dear Heart my self will have.
 If I do break my Vow, quoth she,
 while I remain alive,
 May never thing I take in hand,
 be seen at all to thrive.
 This pass'd on for two Months Space,
 and then this Maid began,
 To settle Love and Liking too,
 upon another Man.
 One *Jerman* who a Widower was,
 her Husband needs must be,
 Because he was of greater Wealth,
 and better in Degree.
 Her Vows and Promise lately made
 to *Bateman*, she deny'd;
 And in despite of him and his,
 she utterly desy'd.
 Well then, quoth he, if it be so,
 that you will me forsake,
 And like a false and forsworn Wretch,
 another Husband take,

Thy faithless Mind thou shalt repent,
 therefore be well assur'd,
 When for thy Sake thou hear'st Report,
 what Torments I endur'd.
 But mark how *Bateman* dy'd for Love,
 and finish'd up his Life,
 That very Day she married was,
 and made old *Jerman's* Wife.
 For with a strangling Cord, God wot,
 great Moan was made therefore,
 He hang'd himself in desperate Sort,
 before the Bride's own Door.
 Whereat such Sorrow pierc'd her Heart,
 and troubled sore her Mind,
 That she could never after that,
 one Day of Comfort find.
 And wheresoever she did go,
 her Fancy did surmize,
 Young *Bateman's* pale and ghastly Ghost,
 appear'd before her Eyes,
 When she in Bed at Night did lye,
 betwixt her Husband's Arms,
 In hope thereby to sleep and rest,
 in Safety without harms.
 Great cries and grievous Groans she heard
 a Voice that sometimes said,
 O thou art she that I must have,
 and will not be deny'd.
 But she being big with Child,
 was for the Infant's Sake,
 Preserv'd from the Spirit's Power,
 no Vengeance could it take.
 The Babe unborn did safely keep,
 as God appointed so,
 His Mother's Body from the Fiend,
 that sought her Overthrow.
 But being of her Burden eas'd,
 and safely brought to Bed,
 Her Care and Grief began anew,
 and farther Sorrow bred.

Thou shalt not live one quiet hour,
 for surely I will have
 Thee either now alive or dead,
 when I am laid in Grave.
 And of her Friends she did entreat,
 desiring them to stay,
 Out of my bed, quoth she, this Night,
 I shall be born away,
 Here comes the Spirit of my Love,
 with pale and ghastly Face,
 Who, till he bear me hence away,
 will not depart this Place.
 Alive or dead I'm his by right,
 and he will surely have,
 In spite of me and all the World,
 what I by Promise gave.
 O watch with me this Night, I pray,
 and see you do not sleep,
 No longer than you be awake,
 my Body can you keep.
 All promised to do their best,
 yet nothing could suffice,
 At middle of the Night to keep,
 sad Slumber from their Eyes.
 So being all full fast asleep,
 to them unknown which Way;
 The Child-bed Woman that woful Night
 from thence was born away.
 And to what Place no Creature knew,
 nor to this Day can tell,
 As strange a Thing as ever yet,
 in any Age besel.
 You Maidens that desire to love,
 and would good husbands chuse,
 To him that you do vow to love,
 by no means do refuse.
 For God that hears all secret Oaths,
 will dreadful Vengeance take,
 On such that of a wilful Vow,
 do slender Reckoning make.

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